HOW A LITTLE GIRL WENT TO AFRICA

TOLD BY HERSELF

LEONA M. BICKNELL

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LEONA MILDRED BICKNELL.

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BY

LEONA MILDRED BICKNELL

ILLUSTRATED FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

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How a Little Girl went to Africa.

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To My Dear Little Friend and Playmate

MILDRED WADSWORTH CROOKER

THIS BOOK IS LOVINGLY DEDICATED

BY THE AUTHOR

INTRODUCTION

One bright morning in the year 1892, in a little village nestled among the hills of the Green Mountain state, a baby girl opened her wondering blue eyes for the first time to look upon the scenes of this wide world.

This little girl, whom I am introducing to you, is the one who has told in this volume, in her childish way, with the necessary editing, the story of her trip to Africa. I will say that I am personally acquainted with her. She is a child of unusual natural ability, and conceived the idea herself of telling other children the things which interested her most

during her journey to and from the dark continent.

I am sure that all the little folks far and near, who study geography at home or in school, will be pleased with this book. Even the fathers and mothers cannot fail to enjoy looking at foreign scenes through youthful eyes. The story is authentic and the illustrations true to life.

ELIZA H. MORTON,
Author of "Morton's Geographies."

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HOW A LITTLE GIRL WENT TO AFRICA

CHAPTER I

LEAVING HOME, AND A DAY IN NEW YORK

MY parents were missionaries to Africa, and spent between two and three years there. While travelling with them I saw many things which I think will be of interest to other girls and boys. Perhaps you would like to take the trip with me in imagination. I will try to help you to see things just as we saw them.

Our home was in the quiet little city of Burlington, Vermont, and as I had

never taken a long journey before, I was much interested in getting ready for the trip.

Finally the day came when the last box was nailed; the last trunk was strapped, and all was ready to go. A number of our friends had come from different parts of the state to see us off. The morning we were to leave was a bright, sunny one, on the 13th of September. Our dear old white pony that had drawn us around since I was a baby had been sold. But as we all thought so much of him, papa had arranged with his new master to take him from the railway station. So he merrily trotted us down through the old streets we had passed over so many times, not knowing it was the last time his little mistress would

A FAREWELL VISIT.

drive him, or that I could no more give him the little love-pats he enjoyed so much.

In spite of all the pleasure of starting, a few tears did come when we had to say the last good-by to the uncles and aunts who had gathered to see us off. Cousin Elsie's papa and mamma had already been in Africa about a year, and now she was to go with us to join them, and teach the little boys and girls in that far-away land. My dearest little friend and playmate, Mildred, I did want so much to take with us, but our train pulled out with our party alone, made up of papa, mamma, my sister Edith, Cousin Elsie, and me.

The train was filled with people coming and going, and I spent many hours that

day watching them, and wondering where they were all bound for, and if they, too, were going to some land across the sea. I had plenty of time to think, and as my little cousin Edna had said she did not want us to go "for fear the cannibals would eat us up," I needed to be assured by mamma more than once that day that we should not meet any of those terrible creatures that troubled poor Robinson Crusoe.

When twilight came on, we were passing down the Hudson River. It was a beautiful sight. Much of the way the train ran near the bank of the river, and I watched the little steamers passing up and down, and tried to imagine ourselves living on one of them during our long voyage. Mamma said it was on this

same river, in 1807, that the first steamboat, *The Clermont*, made its first trip as far as Albany.

We were all very tired when we reached New York City, and glad to go at once to a hotel where we had rooms for the night. It was a very large house, where hundreds of people stayed. My sister and I had a little room that opened off from mamma's, and I soon forgot that I was far from home, and slept as sweetly as if I was tucked safely away in my own little bed.

The next day was a busy one for papa, buying the tickets, getting baggage to the wharf, and seeing that nothing was left behind. The great city of New York seemed to me to be in one great whirl. Everybody was in a hurry. There were

cars over our heads, cars on the street, and cars under the ground, running in long tunnels made for them.

We climbed a long stairway to the platform, high over the street, and soon a train came whizzing by. It stopped just long enough for us to step on, then we went flying along high over the heads of the people. Men and women looked like boys and girls as we caught a glimpse of them below us.

When everything was ready, papa took us for a short visit to Central Park. The flowers and trees were very pretty, but I enjoyed most of all watching the birds and animals in their cages. A great many children were playing about. I think many of the big girls, who have no green lawns at home, must bring their

baby brothers and sisters to care for them here, for I saw so many tending them in the park.

One thing I forgot to tell you about was the high buildings in many parts of the city. Can you imagine, children, looking up at buildings over twenty stories high? I could not help wondering if they tried to make them reach up to the sky like the people who built the Tower of Babel after the flood.

I was so tired when the day was over, and we went back to our rooms! Such crowds of people everywhere! I shall never forget my first day in a large city. Papa said there were about three and one-half millions of people there.

"Ah, you are so great, and I am so small,
I hardly can think of you, world, at all."

I knew now what this little memory gem, which we learned at school, meant, for I felt so small in this wide, wide world.

The next morning we were up very early, ready to go aboard the steamer. In the next chapter I will tell you about our voyage and life at sea.

THE WONDERFUL WORLD

Great, wide, wonderful, beautiful world,
With the beautiful water above you curled,
And the wonderful grass upon your breast —
World, you are beautifully dressed.

The wonderful air is over me,
And the wonderful wind is shaking the tree;

"You are more than the earth, though you're such a dot:
You can love and think, and the world cannot."

It walks on the water and whirls the mills,
And talks to itself on the top of the hills.

You friendly earth, how far do you go,
With wheat fields that nod, and rivers that flow,
And cities and gardens, and oceans and isles,
And people upon you for thousands of miles?

Ah, you are so great, and I am so small,
I hardly can think of you, world, at all;
And yet when I said my prayers to-day,
A whisper within me seemed to say:
"You are more than the earth, though you're such a dot:
You can love and think, and the world cannot."

CHAPTER II

MY FIRST SEA-VOYAGE

COME with me to-day as we go down to the large docks and get our first view of the great steamer, *St. Paul*, which is to carry us across the wide ocean. Now I had never seen a large ocean steamer before, and had no idea of their size. I supposed they were about like those I had been in on Lake Champlain and seen on the Hudson River.

Imagine my surprise after walking down the dock a long way, by the side of what I thought was a large building,

to have papa say, "This is our boat, and here is where we get on." I looked, but I could scarcely see from one end of the boat to the other. Papa afterward told me it was nearly an eighth of a mile long, and many feet wide. There were three main decks for the passengers, and these were filled with people, hurrying to and fro. Many visitors were on board to see their friends settled in their cabins. A good-natured lady, with a white cap and apron on, asked us the number of our stateroom, and then took us through the narrow passage-ways till we came to the little cabin which for the next week we were to call home. I wonder how many of my little readers have ever been in the cabin of an ocean steamer.

Ours was arranged for four passengers,

so it just held our family. It was about seven feet high, six feet long, and six feet wide. There were four beds, each about two feet wide. There were two on each side, one above the other. It made me think of trying to sleep on mamma's pantry shelves. I was sure I should fall out of such a narrow bed, but our kind stewardess told me that many little girls had slept there, and that I could imagine I was a little bird on the bough, being rocked by the wind when our boat was tossed by the waves.

After putting our hand-luggage in place, we went out on deck again, for we wished to be where we could catch the last glimpse of our native land when our boat should go out of the harbor. At last the great bell sounded, and three

times a man went all through the boat, calling out, "All visitors ashore!" Once more the great bell sounded, and the bridge which reached from the boat to the wharf was taken up, and we could see that our boat was slowly moving away. A little tug-boat with a pilot guided us safely in and out among the many boats in the harbor.

Standing on a small island in the harbor we saw the statue of "Liberty enlightening the World." She is holding a torch high up in her hand. This statue was given to our country by France, and is very large. You can get a little idea of its size by remembering that its nose is over four feet long.

For a number of hours we passed in sight of land, then on and on we went

till all was water, water everywhere. We watched the sun as it set in the far west, and it looked as if it went down into the great ocean. We stayed out on deck until it was quite late, then we went to our room to try our funny little beds, and spend our first night at sea.

In the morning I was anxious to be up early again, but as soon as I stood on my feet, I was — oh, so sick. If you have never been seasick, I cannot make you know how I felt. I was dizzy, and everything seemed to be whirling round and round. Papa lifted me back, and I was glad to lie still all that day. The next morning I felt better, and papa carried me out on deck in the nice fresh air. At first it seemed to me, when I tried to walk, that the deck was always

tipping and falling out from under my feet, but I soon got over it, and could run about as well as on shore.

The fourth day out you can see with me a large white body moving toward us. It looks like a great church with many towers and high steeples. It may be you have guessed already what it is. It is an iceberg many times larger than our boat, and looks very beautiful in the sunshine. You can see all the colors of the rainbow there.

I must not forget to tell you what a fright I had one day. The fire-alarm began to ring, and all the sailors left their work. Some hurried to get out the hose, and others lowered the life-boats. We all supposed the boat was on fire and that we should have to get out

into the little life-boats; but just then the captain told the people it was only a fire-drill for the crew. They did not warn the people before, for they wanted all to act just as they would if there was really a fire. They have this drill once on each voyage.

The time passed very quickly, and in just one week we were nearing the chalky cliffs of England. Every one wanted to be the first to catch a glimpse of land. At last we saw what looked like a bank of clouds low in the sky, but as we came nearer, we saw it was beautiful green fields, and we knew we should soon be in the harbor of Southhampton, where we were to land. We had our choice of going from here to London by boat or by train. We were glad to change to the cars.

CHAPTER III

A LARGE CHURCH IN A GREAT CITY

A SPECIAL train was waiting to take the passengers from our boat to London, but the cars looked strange and very different from any I ever rode in before. They were short and low, and the doors were in the side of the cars. Each car was divided by partitions into six or eight little rooms called "compartments." There are only two seats in each, and these face each other. Only eight can ride in one compartment. When the porter came round before the train

started, and locked the door, I felt as if I was shut up in a little box, but I soon forgot this in watching the new sights which we passed on our way. The grass was so green, and the little fields of all shapes, divided by the hedgerows, made me think of mamma's crazy-patchwork.

We passed many beautiful homes and gardens, and once in a while a large old building, grown over with ivy, which papa said was an old church or a castle. The ride seemed very short, for in a few hours we were coming into the great city of London. When we stepped off the train at Waterloo Station, we were welcomed by friends of papa, who took us to the 'bus which was waiting to take us to our rooms, from which we

could best visit places of interest during our stay there.

How I wish I could make you see London just as it looked to me. You know this is the largest city in the world. It has nearly as many people as are in the whole of New England. Most of its streets are very narrow and run in all directions. Papa said they followed what had once been foot-paths, and that is why they are so crooked. You remember our geography tells us that if the streets of London were placed end to end, they would more than reach across the United States from east to west, a distance of twenty-eight hundred miles. In the centre of the city no cars are allowed to run, only the old-fashioned omnibuses drawn by horses. I liked

these much better than the electric cars. We could usually find one to take us just where we wished to go. They have seats below like our cars; then if you climb the little winding stairway at the back, as we generally did, you find on the top that it is filled with seats, too. It has a little railing all around, so you cannot fall off.

Sometimes when I was tired of watching the great buildings on all sides, I liked to watch the driver with his big coat and high hat, sitting up so straight, guiding his horses through the hundreds of teams of every kind on the street. Nearly all the small carriages in London have only two wheels.

Once, on one of the main corners of the city, we were blocked for over an

hour. The teams were crowded in as far as we could see, and no one dared move till a policeman came and untangled us. No one in London is allowed to drive a horse that is lame or poor. They were all such fine, large horses !

One of the first places we visited was the great church of St. Paul's. It is the third largest church in the world. The king and queen and many of the great men attend service there. Thousands of people visit it each day. Around the base of the large cupola is the great whispering-gallery. Papa could hear my faintest whisper from one side to the other as plainly as if I stood by his side, although I was over a hundred feet from him. A beautiful chime of bells is in

one tower. They sound very sweet when they ring.

We attended service there several times, and it seemed strange while sitting in church to see the large monuments, and to think I was surrounded by the graves of great men.

Not far from St. Paul's is the Bank of England. It covers over four acres. It has many, many rooms, and papa had to get permission before we could visit some of them. One room is specially for printing bank-notes. They told us that fifteen thousand new bank-notes are printed every day. The largest note ever issued by this bank was for one million pounds. It is framed, and is kept as a curiosity in the room.

Another room is called the weighing-

room. In it are ten very large machines. Each has a hand which moves back and forth, and brings out a gold sovereign. This it places on an index. In a second it throws it into one of two piles. One pile gets all those which weigh just what they should; the other, those which are too light. They said it weighed between sixty and seventy thousand pieces of money each day.

CHAPTER IV

A VISIT TO THE TOWER OF LONDON

ON Cheapside, one of London's busiest streets, is Bow Church. All who are born in London, within the sound of Bow Bells, are called cockneys. A pretty story is told in connection with these bells. A great many years ago, Dick Whittington, a poor boy, lived in the country. He had heard of the great men who lived in London, and thought, if he could only reach there, his trials as a poor boy would be at an end. So he left his home and came to the city. After many struggles

he became discouraged, and decided to return home. His only friend seemed to be his pet cat, and with her in his arms he set out. When he had gone as far as Highgate Hill, he sat down on a stone to rest.

While sitting there, the Bow Church bells began to ring, and they seemed to say to him, "Turn again, Whittington, thrice mayor of London." He decided to put his cat down, and whichever way she went he would go. She started toward London. He followed her, and in time did become a great man, and was three times elected Lord Mayor of London.

A stone with a little iron fence around it marks the place where he sat on Highgate Hill. On a window in a building opposite is a picture of Dick as he threw

his cat down to see which direction she would take.

Now let us go to one of the oldest and most interesting buildings in all London. This is the great Tower of London. It is really made up of twelve towers. They told us that the buildings and courts cover over eighteen acres. The White Tower, the oldest part, was built for William the Conqueror. The Tower has been used for many different purposes. Papa said it was once the home of the royal family. For many years it was a great prison. Many noted people have been imprisoned here, and perhaps hundreds beheaded or put to death in different ways.

We went into the Brick Tower, and saw where Lady Jane Grey was impris-

oned. We stood on the platform in the Tower yard, where she was put to death. Sir Walter Raleigh was imprisoned for twelve long years in the Bloody Tower. On Tower Hill, William Penn, the founder of Pennsylvania, was born.

The stairs are all of solid stone, but they are much worn by so many people passing over them. Up the stairs we visited the Armory Room. It is filled with knights dressed in armor. From this I could see how men were protected in battle many years ago.

The armor consisted of the helmet, coat, and armor for the legs and hands. It was made of steel, and must have been very heavy.

Sometimes the knight wore next to his body a suit of underwear made of

tiny links of steel woven together. The horses also wore an armor, which covered the head, neck, breast, and back.

Here, too, we saw the rack which was used hundreds of years ago to torture people, and the block and axe with which so many were beheaded.

One of the most interesting parts of the Tower, to me, was the one where the crown jewels are kept. In a large iron cage in the centre of the room are many beautiful crowns. The one made for Queen Victoria is of purple velvet. Around it are bands of silver, set with nearly three thousand diamonds. In the front is a very large ruby. On the cross is a beautiful sapphire. Many other jewels of the royal family are kept there. We saw in this room the

baptismal font used for christening the royal children.

After spending several hours within the walls, we came out to the Tower Bridge, which crosses the Thames River, just below the Tower. When vessels wish to pass up the river the central span is lifted in two parts to let them through. People who wish to cross the river when the span is open, are taken to the higher bridge by elevators, then lowered on the other side in the same way.

The river was filled with little boats passing up and down, and we had but to wait a few minutes to take one to carry us down past the embankment to Westminster Abbey, which we wished to visit next.

CHAPTER V

WHAT I SAW IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY

WE were all glad of a rest after walking about so much, and glad to be seated in the little boat away from the noise and bustle of the city. Between Waterloo and Westminster bridges we passed Cleopatra's Needle. This is a tall monument which was brought from Egypt. Papa said it once stood before a great temple on the river Nile, and was presented to the British government, and brought all those hundreds of miles to be set up here.

All too soon we came in sight of Westminster Abbey, and our pleasant ride was at an end. Mamma said that we must remember as we visit Westminster Abbey that it is a great church, which has all been built by kings and princes. We reached there just in time for service, and after it was over a guide showed us around, and told us many pretty stories about the building of the Abbey and the people who are buried there.

He said that many, many years ago the spot where the building now stands was called the "Terrible Place," it was so wild and lonely. Dotted about in this dreary marsh were many little islands. One of these was called "Thorny Isle," because so many wild thorn trees were

growing on it. It is on this spot that Westminster Abbey now stands. When the trees were cut away, the island looked so pretty and quiet with the water flowing around it that King Edward the Confessor decided to build a church upon it. It was first called the Church of St. Peter. When it was finished, King Edward attended the first service ever held there. It was on Christmas Day. He was then a very old man, and a few days after the great service he was taken sick and died. So he was the first to be buried there. Later, other kings spent great sums of money building additions to the church, for they wished to make it the most beautiful church in the world.

It is now filled on all sides with

tombs and monuments of England's most noted men and women. As I passed up the long aisles, I read, carved on the stones of the floor, the names of those who are buried there. Among these I saw Gladstone, Dickens, and Sir Isaac Newton.

For many who were buried in other places when they died, monuments have been placed here. This is true of Shakespeare and Sir John Franklin, the great Arctic explorer, who went nearer the north pole than any man had ever been before. He died in the far-away north when on his third expedition, and was buried under cakes of ice and snow.

Our guide told us about David Livingstone, the great traveller and missionary

to Africa. He spent over thirty years there. He died in a little hut which the natives had made for him in one of the great forests of Africa.

Susi and Chumah, two of his followers, who had been with him many years, came all the way to England with the body of their dead master. When he was buried, the Abbey was filled with great men. Standing near his grave were these two poor black men who loved him so dearly.

So many poets have been buried in the Abbey that one part of the church is called "Poets' Corner." Geoffrey Chaucer, who died in 1400, was the first English poet buried in Poets' Corner, and the last one was Alfred Tennyson, who died in 1892.

Our guide said that when Tennyson was a very little boy, one Sunday morning when all the others were at church, his older brother said he would give him something to do. He told him to write some verses about the flowers in the garden. When they came home, Alfred showed them his slate all covered over with his first poem.

Among the monuments for the great English writers was the bust of our own dear Longfellow. It seemed like meeting an old friend; for who of you, children, do not love him for the many beautiful things he has written for us?

Our guide next took us through the part of the Abbey called the Royal Tombs. Here many of the kings and queens of England have been buried.

Close by all these kings and queens I saw several tombs of children. Among them is a monument to a little deaf-and-dumb girl, five years old, the princess Catherine.

As we passed around among the tombs, everything seemed very strange and still. No one spoke above a whisper. The room was filled with the softest music, and it seemed to tell us it was a sacred place.

Before we leave the great church I must take you to see a very plain, old-looking wooden chair. Although it is so scratched and battered, I am sure you, too, as I did, will wish to sit in it when you know its true story. This queer old chair was made nearly six hundred years ago. In it all the kings

and queens of England sit when they are crowned.

Under the seat I saw a large rough-looking stone. I wondered why it was there, and our guide told me it was the stone upon which the Scottish kings and queens had been crowned until Scotland was conquered.

CHAPTER VI

WILD ANIMALS AND WAX FIGURES

AFTER spending several days in the different buildings of London, I was so glad to hear papa say one morning, "We will visit the Zoölogical Gardens to-day." I could hardly wait for the 'bus to carry us through the crowded streets; but at last we came to the gate of Regent's Park, and as we passed through the entrance, and I caught a glimpse of what was before us, I was more sure than ever that we should have a pleasant day. There are over sixty houses and yards where the

different animals from all parts of the world are kept.

In the bird-cages I saw birds of every kind, from our own dear little robin redbreast to the birds with their beautiful dress from far-away Australia.

I must tell you about one little bird which we saw, called the satin bowerbird. Mamma said they were called this because of their beautiful satinlike coat of black and green. These little workers build a platform of twigs and other things, then weave an arborlike gallery in which they amuse themselves for hours, chasing one another back and forth through it, making bows to each other, and having great frolics. They decorate the platform and bower with many different things. Scarcely a day

passes but they bring some new ornament for it, either a shell, feather, or bone. Some little bower-birds strew the ground around their playhouse with pretty flowers or fruits.

I heard the merry laugh of the laughing kingfishers, and listened for a long time to the little songsters from different lands.

I shall never forget the funny little kiwi. Its tiny wings have no feathers upon them, and are hidden away under the small feathers on its body. It can only walk about, but never fly like other birds.

I was much amused by the penguins. They made me think of little old men as they walked about their cages.

I saw the animals of every size from

the little field-mouse to the great elephant. I am sure if you never saw a giraffe, you cannot imagine how large they are. The crib from which they eat their hay and straw is up in the corner of the roof, over twenty feet from the floor.

Then there was the Reptile House, filled with all kinds of snakes; and the Fish House, with fishes and diving birds. If any of you ever visit London, do not fail to spend one day at the Zoo.

Although mamma thought little girls should be in bed early, even though they were travelling, my sister and I were allowed to remain up and spend one evening with the others at Madam Tussaud's Waxworks. It is a large building filled with scenes from real

life, but all the figures are made of wax, and dressed as the people really did when living. I saw here the kings and queens of England, dressed in costumes exactly like those which they had worn in life.

There was Napoleon and his own travelling-carriage, and his favorite garden chair, which he used after he was banished to St. Helena.

We saw, too, a group of our United States Presidents, — Washington, Lincoln, Garfield, and Grover Cleveland. Beneath a great black awning draped with mourning is our late President McKinley.

You cannot think how lifelike they are. Before we visited the rooms some of our friends told us we would find

ourselves talking to wax figures before we returned, but even I was sure I should not. There were several in our party, and one lady, who had seen a great deal of the world, said she was very sure she should be able to tell wax figures from human beings.

As we entered the building, she happened to be ahead, and at once went to the lady attendant, who sat near the door, selling the Waxworks guide-book. She laid down the money, and said, "A guide-book, please." No reply. Then louder, "I would like a guide-book, please." Just then we all began to laugh, and she saw she had been trying to buy a guide-book of a wax woman.

A friend told us this story of a girl

whom he knew, who visited the Wax-works at one time. Almost as soon as she entered the room, she began to inquire for directions from the dignified policeman who guards the entrance. She was quite surprised when she found her mistake, and that he was only wax, and decided that one lesson was enough. She could not be so deceived again. A little later when going through another room, she came across another policeman, and said: "Oh, mamma, do look at this policeman. He looks as lifelike as the other one." She went up close to look into his eyes, and even pointed her finger at them to see if he wasn't enough alive to wink. He did wink, and almost frightened her out of her wits by jumping at her. He was stand-

ing on purpose for people to mistake him for a wax figure.

The days passed very quickly, as there were so many places we wished to visit. When the last day came before the one on which we were to leave, we were all very tired. As I opened my eyes in the morning when mamma called me, I found it was very dark. I could not understand why she wished me to rise so early, as we had not planned to do much sight-seeing that day. When I was dressed, mamma explained that we should probably see no sunlight all day, for we were in the midst of a London fog. Now, children, think of the darkest night you ever looked out upon, and you will know how everything looked all that day. Papa said these fogs set-

tled down over London several times each year, and are the worst fogs known in all the world. Our landlady told us that no one left his home on those days, unless he was obliged to do so, and then people are sometimes lost only a few blocks from their own doors.

This gave us a good chance to rest, with no temptation to travel about, and before night came again our travelling-cases were packed once more, even though it was all done by gaslight, and we were ready for an early start on the morrow.

CHAPTER VII

ANOTHER VOYAGE AND MORE WONDERS

WHEN our boat left the docks at London, our baggage was all on board, but we were to take the train to Southampton, where we could meet the steamer next day.

This time we had three weeks instead of one to pass upon the water, and I wondered if I should not get tired on the long voyage before we reached far-away Cape Town.

Our boat was not quite as large as the one we had taken at New York, but our cabin was very cozy, with a nice sofa on

one side, and everything we needed to make us comfortable. It was quite cool when we first set out, so mamma had left out warm clothing for us to wear in the evenings when we were out on deck.

All our baggage except our valises and two steamer-trunks had been sent below. These were just high enough to slip under the berths, or beds. Once each week the baggage from below was brought up on deck so mamma could exchange our clothing, first for something thin and cool to wear crossing the hot tropics, then something warmer again as we went farther from the equator. There were several hundred people on board the boat, and it seemed quite like a little city. There was a nice band with us, and nearly every evening it played on

one of the decks. Sometimes they had a concert in one of the parlors, and once each week a dance on one of the decks.

There was a good library, with many books for children, where I could go and read whenever I liked, and several games which we could play there or out on deck.

The eighth day out from England we came into the harbor at Las Palmas, one of the Canary Islands. Almost before our boat was stopped, the decks were filled with strange-looking men and women from the shore. They were trying to sell the things which they had made. They had wicker chairs, sofas, tables, feather flowers, and such beautiful embroidery! Mamma bought some little keepsakes for us, and some little gifts to mail back to the friends at home.

Then, too, they had cages of such lovely parrots and canary-birds. Edith and I had a feast on the fruits of the island, with which some of the little boats were loaded. There were grapes, bananas, and oranges just picked from the trees.

Our steamer was nearly surrounded with little row-boats. These were filled with dark-skinned boys, chattering away in what papa said was Portuguese, and trying to make the passengers understand that if coins were thrown into the water, they would dive after them. I watched them for a long time as the people would throw them a sixpence, or at the last even a penny, and they would dive into the water and catch it. Sometimes they would bring them up in their teeth, and sometimes between their toes.

They seemed to enjoy the water as much as little fishes.

As soon as the ship had taken on its cargo and a fresh supply of water and coal for the rest of the voyage, the decks were all cleared of the pedlers and their wares, and we were soon steaming out of the harbor once more.

After we had been out a couple of days more, we passed very near the mainland of Africa, off the coast of Cape Verde. A number of the natives came out toward our boat in their little canoes, and I shall never forget their black faces. I was sure they must be some of the cannibals Cousin Edna had told us about, and I was so afraid they might get on to our boat, but we were soon far from land again.

Edith and I passed many hours sitting

on deck, watching the schools of flying-fishes as they went skimming over the water. Sometimes they seemed to be playing at hide-and-seek; they would glide along on the surface of the water a little way, then disappear and come up again farther on.

One day when we were standing at the back end of the boat, watching the water tumbling over the great wheel, one of the passengers called out: "There's a whale! See him spout!" Every one ran to that side of the boat, and we could see him blowing the water as he came to the surface to breathe. We saw several whales after that, and sometimes they would float along on the surface of the water near enough to our boat so we could see their great backs.

Nearly every day we met one or more steamers, and if they were near enough, our boat would signal to them, and they would reply. Sometimes in the evening our captain would salute the boat we met by sending up pretty sky-rockets, and they would always respond in the same way.

A few days before and after we crossed the equator it was very, very warm, and we all stayed out on deck until it was quite late at night. The air was so clear that the stars shone much brighter than any I had ever seen before, and I loved to watch them sparkling in the sky. The moon, too, was very bright, so we could easily read by moonlight. As it shone upon the water, it looked like a beautiful path of light leading to the sky.

Sometimes I grew tired of the sea, and longed for the beautiful green fields and flowers once more, instead of the same great ocean every day. But the days passed very pleasantly, for each one brought with it some new surprise.

OUT ON THE OCEAN

The sea, the sky, with waves and clouds,
The sun with all his light,
To guide the sailor on his way —
The moon and stars at night.

No land; the sea-gulls skim the waves,
The flying-fishes gleam
For just a moment in the air;
Like silver bright they seem.

No other sign of life except
The great ship with her load

Of human hearts, as she pursues
The ocean's rugged road.
On the horizon far to sight,
Waves mingle with the clouds;
Like endless drapery they roll, —
Old Ocean's foam-trimmed shrouds.

How great the sea. Its bosom broad
Ten thousand ships doth float;
Its depths, — how dreary, how profound, —
They hide full many a boat.
And yet our God is greater still;
In scales He weighs the land,
And measures out the ocean in
The hollow of His hand.

— *F. W. Field.*

CHAPTER VIII

MY ARRIVAL IN AFRICA

THE morning of the twenty-second day out from England, papa awoke us very early, and told us we were in sight of Table Mountain, and would soon be in the bay. You may be sure we wasted no time that morning in dressing, but were soon out on deck with the others.

It was a clear morning, and old Table Mountain looked her prettiest. It is a long, flat-topped mountain, rising almost straight up from the sea. Mr. Cleghorn, a merchant in Cape Town, had come from

TABLE MOUNTAIN AND CAPE TOWN.

England with us, and had told us much about his beautiful home at the Cape, and how we should learn to love this dear old mountain.

It is called Table Mountain because of its long, flat top, and it is often covered with a great white, fleecy cloud, which hangs down on each side like a tablecloth spread over it.

As we came near the docks, we saw a strange company of people waiting for the arrival of the boat. There were white, black, and brown faces, and people dressed in such odd costumes.

We saw many of the Kafirs waiting to unload the cargo. They wore a piece of bran sack around their hips, and another bag opened on two sides and slipped over their heads like a bonnet,

and left to fall over their shoulders and body.

Uncle and auntie had been watching anxiously for our boat, and gave us, as well as Cousin Elsie, a warm welcome. It did seem good to see some of our old friends among the strange faces. They called a cab to take us up past the custom-house at the entrance to the dock. Here they got permission to land our baggage. Then we drove to the railway station about a mile away. Everything seemed so strange to us. The houses were nearly all one story high, made of brick, and plastered over, making them a dull gray color. I never saw a house built of lumber while I was in South Africa.

Most of the streets are narrow and

have no sidewalks. The people walk in the middle of the streets, with the teams on either side of them.

When we reached Adderly Street, on which the station stands, we saw many fine large stores and buildings. The street was crowded with people, and I wondered much who they all were, and where they had come from. About one-half of the people on the street were white, Dutch and English, who dressed much like our own Americans.

While we were waiting for the train, I saw several dusky-colored Malay women pass. They always wear one of two styles of dress. The one has a very full skirt, hanging straight from the waist, with several skirts underneath, starched very stiff. They really looked

like a big balloon as they passed on the street. They never wear a hat, but tie over their heads a bright red, yellow, or variegated silk handkerchief. Sometimes, too, they throw a bright-colored silk shawl over their shoulders.

The dress which they wear at weddings and on great occasions is usually made in "Princess style," with a long train. It is either green, red, or purple velvet. They decorate themselves with many gold and silver ornaments. On their feet they wear wooden sandals, held fast by a peg between the big and second toes. Such a clatter, clatter they made as they walked along the streets!

All too soon our train came in, and I had to leave the passers-by and speed away to one of the suburbs. After a

half-hour's ride we reached Plumstead, our first stopping-place, and uncle and auntie guided us to their pretty home in a large pine grove near the station.

We spent a pleasant day, but when the shades of evening came on, the little cooing doves, with which the woods of South Africa are filled, kept up their plaintive sound until, for the first time since we left our friends in America, I was really homesick. In the morning I had quite forgotten my lonely feelings of the night before, and for the next few weeks we found much to take up our time.

The people were just entering upon their summer, which comes in December, January, and February. During this time it is quite warm, and never rains.

From May to August is their winter, and during that time it rains nearly every day. Sometimes, before we got accustomed to the climate, when it was bright and sunny in the morning we would go out for a walk without taking an umbrella, and even before we noticed any signs of rain the water would come pouring down. The people who live there never think of going away from home during the rainy season without being prepared for a shower, for the slightest little cloud seems to be filled with water and is sure to empty itself. It was always cool nights, even during the hottest weather, so that we needed at least one good blanket on our beds.

CHAPTER IX

STRANGE PEOPLE; FLOWERS AND FRUITS

I NEVER tired of the beautiful walks and drives around the Cape. The roads are hard and smooth, and we used often to take a run about on our wheels. Nearly every white person there rides a bicycle; they are sent from America or England.

The fields and road-sides are covered nearly all the year with the most beautiful wild flowers; geraniums, cacti, and heath abound everywhere. I saw acres of the most lovely calla lilies growing wild. They are as common as our own daisies and buttercups, and are called by

the hateful name "pig-lily." In the picture you see two little children with whom I used sometimes to play, taken as they were gathering the lilies.

The people told us there were over three hundred and fifty species of heather growing in Cape Colony. We saw the most beautiful orchids on the banks of the streams from the mountains.

Nearly every white family has a little yard in front of its cottage, filled with cultivated flowers, which bloom the year round. We could have bouquets of the choicest roses and pinks in our rooms nearly all the time, picked fresh from the gardens.

The mountain near its base is covered with the "silver-tree," which papa said grows only in South Africa. The leaves

PLAYMATES GATHERING LILIES.

are long and narrow, and look like a piece of silver-colored satin. The people gather many of the leaves and mount them on cards, paint upon them, and sell them for a good price to travellers.

But although the country was so beautiful, there was one thing which we missed very much on our rambles in the fields and woods. There are no dear little song-birds as we have here, and we missed their sweet voices very much. I learned to love the sound of the little cooing doves which at first made me so lonely, but they could not take the place of our own little songsters at home.

We saw many tropical fruits growing, — oranges, lemons, figs, bananas, guavas, and loquots, — besides acres of the most beautiful vineyards. The grapes grow on

low bushes, and are much like those we get from California, only even more delicious.

The people have no cellars, so they buy fresh vegetables for the day from the "green-cart," which comes around each morning. These, as well as the fruit-carts and milk-carts, are usually driven by Malay or Indian drivers. In the picture you see the man who brought us our milk every day.

There were many snakes, insects, and spiders, which I had never seen before, and I had to be always on the watch when in the garden or field lest I should be bitten by them. Some of the snakes are quite poisonous; also the tarantula. The sand of South Africa is filled with fleas, which were quite a nuisance to us.

MALAY MILK CARRIER.

Occasionally in the garden on some tree or shrub we would find a little chameleon, and these Edith and I would sometimes watch for a long time. They look much like a little lizard with a long tail, and funny bulging eyes which turn quickly in all directions. When on the trunk of a tree or stem of a leaf, they would be of a light brown color, then when they crawled on to a green leaf they would become the color of the leaf itself.

Instead of numbering their houses, the people give them a name as they would a child. I saw on the gate-posts such names as Sunnyside, Fern Glen, Alpha, and Omega. One of my little playmates, named Hazel, lived in Hazel Dean.

Several times we visited the home of

Cecil Rhodes, who has since died. His house was a large white one, built in old Dutch style, in Rondebosch, one of the suburbs of the city, and is called "Groote Schuur." Around it were many acres beautifully laid out and thrown open to visitors. Scattered about the grounds were cages of animals and birds. In a large iron cage around the mouth of a cave on the hillside were two great lions. One day mamma, with a number of friends, who were out on their wheels for a ride, thought they would go up to the lions' den. They dismounted going up the hill, but when they reached the top they got on again to go down the little incline to the cave. The lions were out in the yard, and watched them very closely through the bars, as they came near with

"GROOTE SCHUUR," HOME OF CECIL RHODES.

their skirts fluttering in the wind. At last their courage failed, and they turned and ran into their cave. Mamma said she thought they had never seen any one ride on a wheel before, and they thought it was some terrible thing which would kill them.

There were also some beautiful striped zebra in one part of the grounds, which the people had made quite tame by petting.

When we went into the city, I used to enjoy spending an hour or two in the Public Gardens. This is a large park near the centre of the city, filled with flowers and trees of many kinds. I used to enjoy sitting here and watching the different children as they passed by.

CHAPTER X

CHILDREN OF SOUTH AFRICA

MORE often than any other in South Africa, as well as farther in the interior, one sees the coal-black faces of the little Kafir boys and girls. They are nearly always dirty and ragged, many times hardly wearing enough clothing for you to call them dressed.

In spite of being so dirty and neglected I seldom saw one without a sunny smile on his face. They live in little huts in the open fields or bushes. Very few of them ever heard of Jesus, only as they have heard his name used on the streets.

KAFIR CHILDREN.

I used sometimes to go with mamma when she went out to teach them. She would gather them in classes, and teach them the pretty Bible stories and little songs. They had good voices and always loved to sing.

In the picture you see a company, which looks very natural as they used to gather for their lessons. Sometimes their parents would sit a little distance away and enjoy the songs and stories with them.

Then there are the Malays. Their eyes are black and shiny, and their hair, which is straight and very black, is nearly always oiled till it is wet, then braided in a long braid at the back. The boys always wear a round, red felt cap, which fits very closely over their little

heads. A tiny black stem about an inch long stands up in the centre of the crown, and sometimes if their parents are merchants, or have money to dress them better, there is a long black tassel which is attached to the stem, and dangles from side to side.

Occasionally I saw an Indian boy or girl. In the picture you see a little Indian girl dressed as the children are in their own homeland in India.

Then there are hundreds of little Dutch, or Boer, children. They are usually chubby and fair, with flaxen hair, and the bluest eyes. In the picture you see a little Boer child of whom I was very fond.

No little English or Boer girl thinks she is dressed without her white "pina-

Types of Children in South Africa.

English Playmate.
Boer Girl.
Indian Girl.
Kafir Baby.

fore" or "tier," and she usually wears a pretty white sunbonnet to school and church. This they call a "kappa." The boys wear shiny white Eton collars and generally look very neat.

The children never tired of hearing me tell of my life in America, especially of our winter with its snow and ice. How they would laugh to think of snow, like white feathers, coming down through the air! Then to think of the water getting so solid they could walk and slide upon it! But I could not make them think, even after telling them of our sport in winter, that they would wish to exchange for it their beautiful summer land.

I must tell you how the people in Africa do their washing. A Kafir woman

usually came for ours, and after tying in a bundle all that could be put into a large sheet, she would lift it on to her head, and walk off with it, not even touching it with her hands to balance it. They would take it to a pond or river where there is a big flat rock; then, while standing in the water, they would beat the clothes on the rock, or pound them with another stone, till the dirt was out.

At Christmas time, the weather is usually very warm, and although the children celebrate it in a very different way, they look forward to it as much as we do here. One Christmas we went for a picnic on the beach of the Indian Ocean, and had a very pleasant time bathing and scrambling about over the rocks. After the tide was out, we picked up

the pretty shells which had been washed up on the beach. The shells from the Indian Ocean are beautiful, and quite different from those we find on our own coast.

I must not forget to tell you how the people get about when they wish to take a little trip around the Cape. There are the little steam-cars, much like those in England, and the tram-cars on many of the principal streets; then there are the two-wheeled hansoms, like those we see in our own large cities. But I am sure you would think it very strange, when you wish to ride, to step into a little two-wheeled gig, drawn by a black man dressed in the funniest way. Sometimes they have bright-colored feathers or flowers in their clothes, and sometimes

they fasten long horns to their heads. Papa said they did this to look odd and get the attention of the people. The gig is the jinrikisha of South Africa, in which you can ride if you should ever take a trip to Cape Town.

A JINRIKISHA.

CHAPTER XI

UP THE EAST COAST TO ZULU LAND

WHILE we were at the Cape, the United States cruiser *Chicago* came into the harbor, and remained several days. They gave a reception to Americans, and we were invited to attend.

The boat was neat and clean, and the officers explained how they used the new guns when in battle. It was very different from what I had supposed a war-ship to be. The floors in some of the rooms were covered with nice car-

pets, and fitted up with beautiful furniture. Refreshments were served, and they furnished the guests with paper napkins stamped with the United States flag and the words, "The Chicago."

We had heard much about Natal, with its delicious tropical fruits, and papa and mamma decided to join a party who were going to spend their vacation there. One Friday morning found us aboard one of the English steamers which makes a trip up the east coast once each week. As we went out round the Cape of Good Hope, papa told me our boat was now on the Indian Ocean, and I knew we were going farther and farther from our dear old home in America.

Our first stop was at Port Elizabeth,

A KAFIR KRAAL.

where our boat called for a few hours. We improved the time by taking a drive around the town. I could not see that it looked much different from other towns in South Africa. There were a great many black people there. A place is set aside for them at one end of the town, and they are never allowed to live among the whites. Each tribe, they told us, has a separate "kraal" or village, and they never are on good terms with each other. I could not see how people could tell the difference between a Kafir, a Fingo, or a Zulu, for they all looked alike to me.

When we reached East London, our next stop, it was very warm, but a strong wind was blowing from the southeast. They told us these gales

are very common there. The people call them "southeasters."

East London has no good harbor, and all who went ashore were taken in a little steamer which came up alongside of ours. I kept close hold of mamma's hand when we stepped into the large basket hung from a derrick on the ship's deck, and hardly dared breathe while we were swung round and lowered into the little boat. Only two were put in the basket at one time. Edith and papa followed the next time it was lowered.

Our little boat tossed and bobbed about on the swell till I wished we had not come. The spray dashed over us till our mackintoshes were quite wet. I knew now why the sailors had told

us to put on rubber coats. I did not enjoy our stay on shore, for I was thinking all the time of how we must get back, and I was so happy when it was over and I was on the big boat once more. I felt quite safe then, even though we did rise and fall on the big swell.

When we reached Durban the sea was calm, and we did not mind climbing down the ladder to the steam-launch, which was waiting to carry us ashore. Papa found us a home while there in a pretty little villa near the beach, and our friends stopped in cottages near us. What fine sport we had playing on the long sandy beach! I never tired of digging in the sand, and searching for the beautiful shells. Each time the

tide went out it left me more of these little treasures, some of them not larger than a pin's head. I thought of Mildred and my other little friends so far away, and knew some day they would be pleased with the little necklaces I made by stringing the tiny pearl-like shells.

The town is very pretty. Many of the dwelling-houses are on the hillsides back of the business streets. Here, too, were the public gardens and park, where we spent many hours. There was a beautiful fountain and all kinds of tropical fruits and flowers. When we wished to go about the town, or into the country, we must step into a jinrikisha drawn by a Zulu dressed as oddly as those at the Cape. We enjoyed spending a few days on a farm near Durban. There were

MEETING OF ZULU GIRLS.

acres of strawberries, pineapples, and oranges growing, beside grapes and other fruits. The trees in the woods were filled with monkeys, chattering and screaming at each other. They were not cross with people unless some one disturbed them.

A few hours' ride from Durban is Zulu Land. The Zulus are a very brave people, and great warriors. Our new friends told us much about the terrible wars they had had with them. At one time when there were about one million of the other tribes living in Natal, the Zulus came against them, and left only about twenty thousand who had hidden among the mountains. Many of the people told very touching stories of some dear friend or relative who had

been killed by them. Even now I shudder as I think of the stories of their cruel deeds.

They are now quite peaceable, and nearly all the cooking and work in the houses is done by Zulu men, but they told us few of them could be hired to work on farms. The farm work is mostly done by Hindoo coolies, who are brought there from India.

After a few weeks' stay papa was obliged to return to his work at the Cape. In just six days after leaving Durban, our boat, the *Arundel Castle*, steamed into Table Bay.

A ZULU BELLE.

CHAPTER XII

FIRST GLIMPSES OF THE INTERIOR

SHORTLY after we reached Cape Town a large sanitarium was built at Claremont, one of the suburbs of the city, and here we made our home while at the Cape. It was a beautiful large building, erected under the direction of Americans, and seemed much like a bit of our own home land. The timber for the building and the furniture, papa said, were all brought from the United States.

While here my playmates were children from all parts of South Africa, and

they told me many strange stories of their home life in different parts of the country, but the stories I enjoyed most of all were those which dear old "Sister Rosa" used to tell me. Now if you have ever been in South Africa, I am sure I need not introduce "Sister Rosa" to you. Not only at Cape Town, but far in the interior many, even of the little black girls and boys, have learned to love her dear old smiling face. I do not believe she ever saw a little girl or boy so black or dirty that she did not love them, and have a place for them in her big warm heart.

Nearly thirty years ago she left her home in England and came to South Africa as a missionary nurse. All this time she has gone among the cities and

"SISTER ROSA," THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

kraals teaching the people, and caring for them when they were sick. A short time before we were there, she had been in Johannesburg during that terrible scourge of fever when so many died, and had gone day and night among the very poor people, caring for those who were sick and had no one to care for them.

But one day her arm, that had done so much for others, was still at her side. She could not move it at all, and the people knew it had been paralyzed. The wealthy people of Johannesburg, who knew of her loving deeds for the poor, raised a large sum of money to care for her as long as she might live. They sent her to the sanitarium, where she could be treated and

made well again. She still loved to work for the poor children, and many times I went with her when she would gather up a long wagon full and take them for a drive or sometimes for a picnic in the woods. "Sister Rosa" always knew just what to put in the hampers for lunch-time, and how her fat sides would shake with laughing at the joy of the children and their odd speeches. I can see her now, with her gray dress, which she always wore, with the red cross worked on her sleeve, and her little white cap over her short curls. Who could help loving one so kind and jolly as she was?

When after several months' stay at the Cape, papa and mamma decided to take a trip into the interior, Edith and

I were very anxious to go with them. We found the conveniences for travelling very different from America, for we must take our own food and bedding with us.

Imagine yourself with me as we went down to the station at Cape Town on the evening we were to start, where we got our first peep into an up-country train. The guard showed us to our compartment, which we were to occupy alone. Like all English cars there were two seats facing each other, and over these, about halfway to the ceiling, were two others which were lifted and fastened close to the wall. When bed-time came, these could be let down into place, and with the bedding which we had brought we had a bed for each one. I had thought the berths on the

steamers very narrow, but they seemed wide now, as I compared them with these on the train.

Between the seats in the centre of the compartment was a little table with drop-leaves, which we used for our meals. Mamma had filled a large hamper with food, some of which could be easily warmed, and with the little alcohol stove we were prepared to get on nicely, even for a week's trip.

The people had told us that the water in most parts of the interior is very poor, so we carried a supply in canvas bottles made for the purpose. All along on the shady side of the car you could see these bottles, which the people had hung out in the air to keep them as cool as possible.

The first few hours' ride was beautiful. Our train climbed far up on the side of the Hex River Mountains, where we could get a fine view of the country for miles around. It was a grand sight — the mountains towering far above us on one side and the great chasms far below on the other. But this only lasted for a short time, for when we opened our eyes the next morning, the mountains were far behind us, and as we looked from our car windows, we could see only a sandy plain with nothing growing except the little karoo-bush.

For hours we did not pass a single house. Papa said we were now crossing what was called the "Great Karoo." We looked from the windows till our eyes ached, hoping to see some new

sight. The only change was a glimpse of a few native huts, two or three times a day. These were usually surrounded by natives, some large and some small, half clothed in dirty rags. The people called the whole open country of South Africa by the Dutch name "veldt." We made very few stops, and after about two days' and three nights' ride we reached De Aar Junction, where we were to take another train for the country of the Boers.

NATIVE WOMEN GATHERING WOOD.

CHAPTER XIII

HOW THE BOERS LOOK AND LIVE

SHORTLY after we entered the Orange Free State, the country changed from the sandy waste, and began to look quite fresh and green. We saw such curious-shaped rocks, piled one upon another, some of them forming a tall column reaching far into the air. We saw many wild cactus plants, and these were covered with long, sharp thorns. Occasionally we passed an old Dutch farmhouse, and many large herds of cattle, sheep, and goats were grazing by the way.

We made a short stop at Bloemfontein, the capital of the Free State. This is a pretty little city with several nice stores and churches. Everything we priced at the stores papa thought was very high, but he bought a few keepsakes, and after a short rest we were glad to start on our way again.

We had heard much of the wonderful city of Johannesburg in the Transvaal, and this we were specially anxious to visit. Only thirteen years before, they told us the place where this city now stands was only an open field, but now it had become the leading city in Africa, even larger than Cape Town. We saw finer buildings here than in any other part of Africa.

We spent one day visiting the great

gold mines, which papa said were the richest in the world. They gave us some pieces of rock from the mines, and we could see the particles of gold glisten in the sunlight. It was very interesting to hear them explain how gold is mined.

The railroad had been extended through Pretoria, the capital of the Transvaal, as far north as Pietersburg. As we all wished to get an idea of the real life of the Boers, we could not leave the Transvaal without a trip to this place.

We had heard the English talk of war with the Boers ever since we reached Cape Town, and now we saw the preparations being made on the part of the Boers. The streets of Pretoria were filled with soldiers, gathered here, drilling for battle. Papa showed us how

breastworks had been thrown up, and how on every hillside around the city cannon had been placed.

The people said they did not want war, but talked very earnestly about the injustice of the English, and said they must protect their homes. Papa said it made him think of when he was a boy, and heard the people talk before the Civil War. I am sure dear old grandpa's stories of the struggles which our brave soldiers passed through seem much more real to me after what I saw while in Africa.

When we reached Pietersburg, we found it a queer little Dutch village of one-story houses and narrow streets. We went to the hotel — a little building with a slanting roof, built much like

A TYPICAL BOER HOME.

our church sheds. The doors all opened off from the open court, so when we wished to go to our rooms, we must go out of doors. In the room we had a cot bed, one chair, and a little stand. Over this hung a small mirror. The room was lighted by a flickering tallow candle placed in an old-fashioned candlestick.

The second morning we found a team to take us out into the farming district. The word "Boer" we learned simply means "farmer," or one who tills the soil. They are kind and hospitable, and seemed glad of a visit from strangers. They own large farms, often covering thousands of acres. They have large families of children, often from ten to twenty in number. Nearly all the young people can read and write, for the oldest

girl is sent away to the Cape or some other place to school, and when she has learned enough, she comes back home to act as teacher to her younger brothers and sisters.

When one of the boys marries, a new house is built on the home farm, a short distance from the old homestead, so in time there is a little village where all the people bear the same name. If the family name should be Wessels, then the farm would be called Wesselton, and their mail would come to them directed to that farm. I think it must be very pleasant to always live so close by grandpa's house, and to have all the little cousins so near.

In every home the Bible is always read at least twice each day. I never

found a Boer child who had not been taught to pray. The Bible is usually the only book from which they learn their letters, and are taught to read. The people were all very fond of their president, Paul Kruger. Even the children often spoke of "Oom Paul" very lovingly.

One custom I did not at first enjoy when visiting among the Boers. On coming into a home, whether acquainted or not, we must shake hands with every white person present. Mamma soon found that even a child who neglected to do this was considered very unmannerly and rude. When we left, we must never forget to say good-by, with another hand-shake all round.

The Boers are very fond of coffee, and

the coffee-pot is always kept well filled on the stove. A few minutes after one calls, a cup of steaming coffee is brought in. We were expected to drink with the family at each place where we called. The children, as well as the grown people, were always served.

The Dutch women are nearly all very fat. Mamma said she thought, as a rule, they would weigh about three hundred pounds. They sit in their big arm-chairs from morning till night, the oldest daughter serving the coffee and acting as hostess. A doctor told papa he thought it was the effect of having drunk such large quantities of strong coffee from childhood, which made them so fleshy and helpless by the time they were middle aged.

CHAPTER XIV

OSTRICH FARMS AND DIAMOND MINES

MANY farmers in South Africa keep, besides their great herds of cattle and sheep, large numbers of ostrich. This is a strange-looking bird with a long neck and legs. They are very swift-footed and strong, and the farmers told us that sometimes they even break a man's leg by a kick.

During the day they are allowed to wander on the veldt, guarded by their keeper, but at night they are housed in kraals made for them. The men told us the birds would eat anything which

came in their way, even nails and steel forks.

They have a new crop of feathers each year. The keeper watches them closely, and picks the feathers to sell as soon as they are ready for market.

Their eggs are large, one being equal to a dozen hen's eggs. They are good for cooking, and we used often to have an omelet made from them for breakfast. After spending several weeks among the Boers, papa said if we wished to see more of the interior of Africa, we must bid adieu to our new friends and be off, so we retraced our steps as far as De Aar Junction.

One night, while our train was crossing the great plains, far to the south and east of us, we saw a great prairie

AN OSTRICH FARM.

fire. It was a most beautiful sight. For over twenty miles the flames swept over the country and lit up the sky till it was as light as day. They told us that during the dry season these fires often do great damage. A little spark falling in the tall grass starts a fire which burns over many acres.

At De Aar we met the train from the Cape headed for Kimberley and the far North. A little girl with whom I had become very well acquainted at the sanitarium lived at Kimberley, and as her parents and mine had become fast friends we were invited to remain at their home during our stay there.

Kimberley is a queer little city, with many low brick houses, and more that are made of corrugated iron. It was

during their summer, and the weather was very hot in the middle of the day; but toward evening it always grew cool, and then we could wander about as we pleased.

The merchants had such strange signs on their stores. One store I noticed was kept by Messrs. Gog & Magog. In the centre of the city is a large open square, called the "Morning Market." Here the farmers for miles around come in with large, covered wagons loaded with their produce, and it is sold at auction in the early morning. One day we all rose very early, and went down into the city. It was a strange sight. The men and women were out buying their day's supplies, and mixed with these I saw the wagons of the traders from the interior,

"MORNING MARKET," KIMBERLEY.

loaded with skins, horns, feathers, teeth, and tusks.

We visited, too, the great diamond mines, which papa told us are the largest in the world. The diamonds are found in a hard, bluish green rock. This is taken from the mine, and sent in little cars to be spread out on a great plot of ground called the depositing floor, where it is left till it becomes softened by the action of the air and rain upon it. We saw the crushers at work, crushing these great lumps. After that it is run through sieves to remove the larger stones, then through the washing-machine, where the diamonds are separated entirely from the rock.

The work is all done by Kafirs, who

are kept in a large enclosure called a "compound." The guard told us they are never allowed to leave till they are carefully searched, lest they steal the precious diamonds. Sometimes they try to hide them by putting them in their mouth or nose, and sometimes even cut their flesh and bury them.

Before we left Kimberley we had our hampers refilled, and papa also bought a bushel of oranges at the "Morning Market." These, our friends told us, we should enjoy much on our long, hot trip to Buluwayo. When we left Kimberley, our way lay through the same barren country which we had passed over coming from Cape Town to De Aar, the only difference being that the native kraals were larger and oftener seen.

A KAFIR COMPOUND.

After many hours' ride we would draw up to a little station, and the native children would come trooping down to the train. The passengers saved up their orange peelings and bread crusts from their lunch baskets, and would toss them from the window as the train stopped. I could only think of grandma as I had watched her throw handfuls of corn to her chickens, when I saw the children scramble over each other in their haste to reach their prize.

Then they would catch a handful of locusts, which look much like our grasshoppers, only larger, and, after motioning to the passengers to watch them, strip off their legs and wings, open their mouths wide, and toss in a locust and eat it with great relish. The people

told us afterward that the natives hail the season when the locusts appear with joy, as they are considered a great treat.

CHAPTER XV

AMONG THE HYENAS AND NATIVES

THE up-country trains move slowly, and we were glad when we knew our next stop would be at Buluwayo, the end of the railroad. Here we were met by friends, who had gone from America as missionaries to Matabele Land. Of course they were looking forward anxiously to our visit, as they saw very few white people outside their own mission family.

They had lumber wagons which had been sent them from the United States, and upon the box of these were laid

spring beds, which we were to occupy on our way out to the mission farm. The wagon was drawn by seven yokes of oxen driven by native boys, who walked by the side of the oxen, cracking their long whips and shouting in their peculiar language.

It is too warm to travel in the burning rays of the sun, so all the driving is done in the night-time. About midnight the call was given to "outspan," and we came to a stop. It was quite a rest to have the jolting about cease for a time, and Edith and I were soon fast asleep, but it was a short nap, for we were awakened by a great shout. "The hyenas are coming, bunch the oxen!" We were now wide awake, and in a few minutes a pack of hyenas came racing down, but they were too late to get their

meal, for the oxen were gathered and protected by the men with their rifles.

After this we were all anxious to have the men "inspan" again, and be off. About daybreak we came up to the mission farm with its cluster of queer little thatched-roof houses. There was a store, where the natives came to trade, and a church where they gathered on the Sabbath for services. But the building in which I was most interested was the orphanage, where the missionaries had gathered about thirty-five little native children.

The missionaries told us that the parents of the children at the orphanage had died of hunger a few years before during a great famine, and these poor little ones had been gathered up from the

roadside and fields to save them from dying, too.

One day during the famine one of the missionaries, who had been to visit a native kraal and was returning home, heard a peculiar little moan in a clump of bushes near by. He listened a moment, then followed in the direction of the sound. He came up to an ant bear's hole, half hidden by the bushes, and found a poor little baby girl laid at the opening. Her mother, who knew that she must die, had placed her there, hoping the ant bear would kill her, and end her life sooner than to die slowly of starvation. A little way off lay the dead body of her mother where she had fallen. The missionary carried the little one to their home, and tended her carefully till

she was well and strong. When we were there she was a fat, chubby little girl.

Very often near the foot-paths, crossing the fields, and by the roadsides, we saw the skeleton of some poor native who had died during that terrible famine.

The children were bright and happy, and were being taught to read the Bible that they might go out when they were old enough and teach their own people about Jesus. They were nice little singers, and would sing for hours the beautiful hymns which we had learned at home in our Sabbath-school.

They showed us one little boy, whom they found wandering on the "veldt" one day. He had been driven out from his kraal to die because he was a leper.

The missionaries had built a little house for him, separate from the others, and they carried his food to him and made him comfortable. He, in turn, guarded the cattle during the day, and seemed so grateful for the kindness shown him.

There were several large native kraals on the mission farm. These are built around a smooth plot of ground. Their little huts are made from mud and grass in the form of an old-fashioned bee-hive, with one small door at the side. There are no windows, and only a clay floor.

Umlava, the chief of one of these kraals, wished us to go into his home, but we did not care to remain long. Inside his hut were several of his wives, sitting around on the clay floor. They seemed much amused to see white people

NATIVE WOMAN GRINDING CORN.

stoop down and crawl into their hut on their hands and knees, as one must do, for the doors are so low.

Umlava gave papa a battle-axe and some other relics to show his good-will toward us. They have no beds, chairs, or any other furniture in their huts, but spread on the floor the skin of some animal they have killed and think they have a beautiful bed. The women do all the work of raising the grain and harvesting it. The men spend their time in hunting, and so provide the meat used for food. They raise two kinds of grain, which the women crush by putting it upon a flat rock, and rolling another round rock over it. It is cooked for a few minutes in a kettle out of doors, then all sit around it for their meal. Their

kettles are mostly made of clay, and look very rough and coarse. Each has his wooden spoon, but all eat from the same dish. If the men have been hunting and killed an antelope, they have meat instead, but they eat only one thing at a single meal.

The natives do not have guns with which to hunt, or even when they go to war. Instead they use clubs, hatchets, and assegais. The assegais are long pieces of iron, barbed in every direction. They are set in a long, wooden handle, and the natives can throw them a great distance. As a rule, each one carries several of these when he goes out from his kraal. I am sure you would not care to meet one of them alone, for they look very fierce; but papa said they would

not harm us if we did not treat them unkindly.

To defend themselves they carry on their arm a large oval shield made of ox-hide stretched over a wooden frame.

CHAPTER XVI

CURIOUS APRONS, AND THE BOOM, BOOM OF DRUMS

I WONDERED at first about the curious mounds scattered over the country, but our friends told us they were built by the ants. They are several feet high, and are filled with ant eggs, of which the natives are very fond. They are of a golden color about the size of a grain of wheat. Sometimes the natives string these eggs and decorate themselves with them. One of them gave me a necklace made from them.

The ants give the missionaries great trouble by eating out the centre of the

wood of which their furniture is made, until sometimes, when they sit on a chair, it goes down, for there is only a shell left on the surface. Sometimes, too, unless they watch closely, their houses fall down because the ants have eaten out the timber.

But the ants, too, have their troubles. When the ant-bear, a clumsy, long-nosed animal, which papa said he thought usually weighed about one hundred pounds, finds one of their mounds, he makes a little tunnel into the ground and comes up into their home and robs them. He has a long, narrow tongue, and with this he gathers up the eggs which have been put so nicely away in the little house.

Every evening when it gets cool, the natives have a dance in the open plaza

in the centre of their kraal. We could hear the boom, boom of their drums for miles around. Their drums are made from skins drawn tightly over the top of a barrel or something of the kind.

They never shake hands as we do, but pass the palm of one hand through the hand of the other whom they wish to greet, at the same time snapping the fingers of the other hand as you see in the picture.

The natives wear very little clothing. They usually had a little apron made from the skin of some animal, which they had killed, hung from their waist in the front and back. This came about to their knees, and was fastened in place by a leather belt.

Sometimes the women wear a little

THE INHAMBAAN BAND.

short skirt of skins. They wear many ornaments about their waist, arms, neck, and head. They are very fond of beads and make pretty ornaments with them. If they can get enough from the traders, who are passing through, they make little aprons from them. One woman gave us one of these aprons made from black, blue, and white beads, woven together in a very pretty pattern.

I almost wished little white girls wore them too, for it seemed too pretty to put away and only look at with our other curios. I wondered how such black, ugly-looking people could make such beautiful things.

Sometimes the missionaries would receive a box filled with useful things sent from their friends in America. When

sending one of these boxes, some one had thought to make some holders. They were bright, pretty squares, with a brass ring in the corner, such as we all have seen used around the stove. Finally they were soiled and had to be washed. They were hung on a bush near the house to dry. When Mrs. M—— went to get them they were gone, and although she searched carefully they could not be found.

A few days later her little girl called to her, "Mamma, come and see your holders." Sure enough, there were two natives who had come to the store across the way, each with a holder hung from a cord at his waist in place of the little apron which they usually wore. They walked even straighter than usual, with their basket of grain on their heads, for

they wore the white woman's apron now. Of course they did not know what the holders had been made for.

Sometimes we would see the women with a great many bangles on their arms and ankles. These were made of beads, braided grass, or even strips of skin twisted together. Mamma counted as many as twenty on one woman's arm. Many of them wore about their arms or necks charms which they think will keep away disease. These were made from little pieces of carved wood from some sacred tree, or else a leopard's claw or tooth.

They gave us some of their snuff-boxes. These are made of gourds covered with beads. They have them hung from the belt at their waist.

When Sabbath came, they flocked to the church for miles around. It was a strange sight to see those black people come into the church and sit on the bare clay floor with their legs crossed. They never sit on a chair.

The missionaries told us that the natives do not like to wear clothing, but they said they were very proud if they could get something which a white man had once worn.

A short distance from the mission is a fort where there are a great many English soldiers. They trade their cast-off clothes to the natives for furs or ivory, and several who came to church had traded with them. Papa said he supposed they wished, when they came to church, to show the white people all the

nice clothes they had, so put on all they might have. One we noticed wore two or three coats, one over another, and another five vests. This was all they had on.

Edith and I did have to smile a little even during the service, and you may be sure we had many a good laugh over their odd ways when we were quite alone.

CHAPTER XVII

BLACK BABIES AND THEIR TOYS

THE natives never take a bath, but anoint their bodies with an ointment made from grease and a powder having a peculiar odor. It was very sickening to us when several hundred crowded into the little church. There were no windows in the building, only openings left in the wall. These were crowded full of their black faces.

The women make a little cradle of the skin of some animal and tie their babies in this upon their backs. Many had brought their babies with them in this

way, and they would look up with their bright eyes to the white man talking to them; then when they were tired, their little heads would nod about till they were fast asleep.

I am sure many of these poor black people have tender hearts. Sometimes the tears would roll down their cheeks as papa told them the story of Jesus, and how He had died for them.

We heard many stories of the brave things these natives have done after they became Christians. One missionary at another station, who had been in Africa over twenty years, told papa how he left his home mission to go many miles farther north to visit some tribes who had never had a missionary among them. He stayed with them

about a year, and when he left, only one young girl about sixteen years old had been converted.

After he had been home some time, he was awakened one night by a great noise among the natives who guarded the mission. They brought to him a strange girl, who they thought was a spy from another tribe. She had crept into the settlement during the night, and they thought she meant to do them harm, and wished to kill her. The missionary recognized her as the Christian girl he had left in the far North.

She had overheard her tribe planning to come to the mission station, burn their village, and kill the missionaries. She had been many days making the journey of over three hundred miles

alone through that wild country that she might warn them of their danger. She had lived on the berries and roots which she could find, and at night many times as she tried to sleep she could hear the roar of the great lions, and the howl of the hyenas, and other wild animals.

She knew she could never go back to her people again, but she was willing to give up all else that she loved, and even risk losing her own life, if she could only save the white man who had taught her about the true God.

A few days later the natives came, as they had planned, but the missionaries had got help from the soldiers at the fort, and so through her bravery the missionaries were all saved.

The natives called papa the "New

White Chief," and after each meeting they would try to come near to us, so they could touch our clothes or our faces or hair.

I am sure, children, you must have wondered, as I so often have, even though they have so few clothes, how they made even what they did have. I knew they had no needles and thread as we have, and I wondered how they could fasten even the pieces of skin together so neatly. After visiting their kraals a few times, I learned how their dressmaking is done.

Quite often we would see a native woman squatted outside their hut sewing little pieces of fur together. Their needles look much like wire nails without heads. They have no eyes. Some-

times they use a sharp thorn to make the holes in the skin.

The thread is made of the sinews of different kinds of animals. It is hard and stiff when dry, but before it is wanted they soak it in hot water till it is soft, then pound it between two smooth stones until they can separate it as fine as they wish. It is very strong, and they seem to think it is quite the way to sew, but I am sure no little white girl would wish to make her dolly's clothes in this way.

Whenever we came near a kraal, the children seemed like a swarm of bees, there were so many. They would always run out to see a white person pass, and make such strange noises, and go through such strange antics. They have very

few playthings, but sometimes their fathers would carve them out a doll from wood. They gave us two little wooden boys with eyes, nose, and mouth marked by burning with a hot iron. They are bent over and look like little old men, but the children there are as proud of these toys as any little American girl of her beautiful French doll.

The heat was so intense that after a short stay in this hot country, mamma was exhausted, and papa did not dare have her remain longer, so we turned our steps toward the Cape, leaving papa to come later.

1. Native Apron, made of Beads.
2 and 3. Snuff Boxes.
4. Assegai.
5. Knobby Stick.
6. Water Jar.
7 and 8. Native Dolls.
9. Cluster of Bracelets.
10. Malay Doll.
11. Battle Axe.
12. Ladle.
13. Bead Collar.

CHAPTER XVIII

FRIGHTENED BY BOER SOLDIERS

WHEN we reached Kimberley, we were very tired, and decided to make our friends there another short visit. While we had been far in the interior where papa and mamma could not see the papers, the English and Boers had become more stirred, until each day it was expected that war would be declared. As we came down on the train, we could see from our car window, near Mafeking and other places along the line, great numbers of the Boers camped, and drilling

for battle. There was also a large number camped on the plain near Kimberley.

The people had partially fortified the city, and had sentinels to watch the movements of the Boers and give the warning if they started to make an attack. They had a great search-light arranged so they could light up the plain for miles around.

About midnight we were suddenly awakened by the ringing of bells and men crying out through the streets: "Prepare for an attack! The Boers are coming!" Every one was excited. Our hearts beat very fast, and you may be sure, children, we were all terribly frightened.

The men were armed with guns to defend the city, and the women and

children ran to the mines and went far underground in the tunnels which had been made by taking out the soil with the diamonds. Here we would be safe from the bullets and shells which we expected the Boers would fire into the city. That long night we shall never forget, but in the morning everything was quiet again, for the Boers had gone back into camp without firing the first shot. The people thought they had discovered that the signal of warning had been given, and knew the city was prepared to meet them.

You may be sure we were thankful when it was again light, and the first train found us aboard started for Cape Town. My little friend Floy and her parents were coming with us, but

were not ready in time, so decided to close up their home and come a few days later to remain at the Cape till the war was over.

We crossed the great Modder River bridge, where that terrible battle was fought a few weeks later. I could not understand at first why they called it "Modder River," or why they needed such a bridge, for I saw under it no water, only dry sand. Some of the passengers explained to us that in the wet season a great river flows over these sands, but in the dry season, like many of the other South African rivers, it is only a river of sand.

At last we reached Cape Town, and oh, how glad we were that the long journey was at an end! But papa was

still far in the interior, and knew nothing of all that had taken place. We feared that he might not get down for a long time, for he must pass for miles on the line between the English and Boer countries.

Finally mamma received a telegram that he had started from Buluwayo, then another that he had reached Machudi, but must wait there fourteen hours for an armored train to see them through, as the Boers had massed a great army near there in sight of the railroad, and they feared trouble.

We were all too anxious to sleep. When mamma opened the paper next morning, she found the account of how the Boers had wrecked a train near Mafeking, a place through which papa

must pass. It told how they had undermined the railroad, and when the train went over they had fired upon it, and then taken the passengers prisoners. We supposed papa was among them, and did not know that we should ever see him again, but after several hours passed another message came, saying his train passed that point safely, and he was still speeding toward us. It proved to be the next train which followed his that was wrecked. The train upon which papa travelled was the last to come from the interior for several months.

You can imagine, children, what a happy meeting it was when papa finally stepped safely off from the train at Cape Town, and I was in his arms once

more. How thankful we were to our dear Heavenly Father for sparing us to be all together again!

But dear little Floy and her papa and mamma in Kimberley had waited too long before starting. The city was besieged by the Boers, and for five long months no one could tell what a day would bring to them. They could not receive or send one letter to their friends in all that time. We did not know but they were killed, for the city was stormed again and again.

We learned afterward that their home had been struck by a shell, and they had a very narrow escape. Floy's mamma had been sitting at her desk writing a letter, that she might have it ready to send at the first opportunity. She had

just stepped to the door to speak to her little girl, when a shell came down in front of where she had been sitting and exploded in the room. We afterward saw the letter which she had been writing with several holes blown in it.

Another day when they thought all was quiet, Floy had gone out on her wheel for a ride. A shell struck the street where she had passed a moment before. Some of the people lived for weeks in underground cellars, as this was the only place where they were safe.

Before relief came, the people suffered much from hunger. Some even ate the flesh of horses to keep them from starving. We can imagine what rejoicing there was when a new force of soldiers reached them and put the Boers to flight.

TREKKING OF THE BOERS.

CHAPTER XIX

TERRIBLE SIGHTS AMONG THE LEPERS

CAPE TOWN was filled with people who had fled from the Transvaal and Orange Free State to escape the scenes of battle which they knew must follow. Even the open cattle cars were used to bring the people, and we saw women and little children who had been for hours in these open cars during a hard rainstorm. The boats from the east coast of Africa brought thousands of people to Cape Town. Many slept on blankets on the open decks, glad that they might have even that place.

Every week boats from England came into the harbor loaded with soldiers and horses. Many of them camped for a few days near the city before going up country. We got quite used to seeing the soldiers in their red coats and little round caps which they always wore on one side of their heads.

We might have enjoyed the drills and parades had we not thought what called them there. I always remembered the little girls and boys we had come to know in the Transvaal, and wondered if any of their papas or brothers would be killed.

When the boat which brought General Buller reached Cape Town, there was a great celebration, and we all went down to see the people welcome him. They

hoped he would lead them to victory, and the war would soon come to an end.

Every boat which left for England was crowded with those who were returning to their native land until peace was restored. Everything in all South Africa was in an unsettled state, and the minds of the people so filled with war that papa thought little would be gained by a longer stay, and we began to make preparations for our long journey to America.

So many people were leaving the country that papa had to engage passage weeks ahead in order to get a stateroom. The first boat on which we thought to return to England was the *Thermopylæ*, one of the White Star Line, returning from Australia by way of the Cape. As it was nearing the harbor, it ran on the

rocks in the darkness, and was wrecked. We went down to see it before it was entirely dashed to pieces.

All the passengers were taken ashore in the little life-boats, so escaped drowning; but on the vessel was a pair of very valuable horses owned by an actress who was travelling from Australia to England. They were tied into a stable built for them on one of the decks. In the excitement of saving their own lives, the horses were entirely forgotten by the people, no one even thinking to open their door or unfasten them. When the great boat parted their stable was torn down, and the noble horses broke loose and swam ashore uninjured. How every one cheered when they reached the shore in safety!

While we were waiting for the boat

upon which we were to sail, we improved the time visiting some places of interest around the Cape.

A few miles from the harbor is a little island called "Leper Island," because all the people in South Africa who have leprosy are banished there. Papa and mamma had planned for some time to take a trip to this island, and one fine morning all were ready to step on to the little steamer which makes a trip over and back three times a week.

The island is a barren, sandy waste, but homes have been built to care for the poor sufferers. There were then about seven hundred lepers on the island. It was a terrible sight to see some with fingers and even hands gone, while others had lost one or both of their feet.

Some of their faces were disfigured till they hardly looked like men and women. When a person is found to have leprosy and banished here, he knows he can never return, for there is no cure for him.

One poor man pointed across the water to the mainland and tried to make us see the home where his wife and two dear little children lived. Our hearts were touched, as, with tears rolling down his cheeks, he looked longingly across the water to the loved ones who were so near, and yet knew he was forever separated from them in this life.

There were some little boys and girls who had been separated from their parents, and must spend their lives there. The nurses were nearly all Christian men

and women who had gone there to do missionary work among them. I am sure nothing can make me more thankful for what I enjoy than to think of those poor lepers on that lonely island.

CHAPTER XX

LITTLE BOER PLAYMATES IN TROUBLE

WE had now spent about two years in South Africa, and I was very happy when I thought of seeing the dear ones from whom I had been parted so long, but mamma told us she was sure we should miss some of the pleasant things we had enjoyed at the Cape.

The evenings in Africa were very pleasant, and I enjoyed looking up into the beautiful sky and watching the stars twinkle in the distance. Mamma said

she loved to think some of the stars were the same we had so often seen in our far-away home. I looked for the Big Dipper, but it never came in sight. I learned to find the pretty group of stars called the Southern Cross, of which the people there are very fond. Twice while at the Cape we had a beautiful rainbow by moonlight.

I had almost forgotten the nickels, dimes, and dollars used in America, as only English money was used there. I had learned the value of things in pounds, shillings, and pence, as you remember are given in our table of English money.

We had become much attached to the beautiful walks and drives, and I shall always remember the many friends in

that far-away land. Two of my closest little friends were named Lily and Estelle. Their papa was an American and their mamma a Boer lady. They lived in a little cottage near the sanitarium, and we used to have some fine times gathering wild flowers, and riding our wheels together. But a terrible sorrow came to these little girls. Their papa was suspected of having furnished clothes and other help to the Boer soldiers, and the English government had him placed in jail. He was put in a little cell, about seven by nine feet large, with no chair or table, and only a poor little cot for a bed. There was no window in the cell, and the only light came to him through an auger-hole in the ceiling.

None of his friends were allowed to

see him or send him any message. He had nothing to do but to walk back and forth in his tiny room and wonder if he should ever see his wife and dear little girls again.

Poor little Lily and Estelle! I knew, after being separated from my own dear papa, how to pity my little friends in their great trouble. The evening of the sixtieth day the officer in charge asked him if he had any word to send to his family, or any business matters he wished arranged. This he knew meant that he was likely to be shot as a traitor, but the next morning better news awaited him. Through the influence of the American consul at Cape Town his freedom was given him, and he was allowed to return home.

But now he was to be disappointed again. No little girls waited there to welcome him. In her great grief their mamma had spoken bitter words against English rule, and had fled with her children from the country. It was not till several weeks had passed and he had crossed the broad ocean to the United States that he was with his little girls again.

The managers of the large sanitarium, where we made our home, were asked by the English government to give up their work for a time, as the building was needed for a great hospital, to care for the officers and soldiers who were wounded in the terrible battles which were being fought.

Several of the nurses, who had come

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from America, decided to return with us, so when we bade good-by to this "Land of Flowers and Sunshine," our party numbered eleven.

CHAPTER XXI

AN AWFUL STORM AT SEA, AND HOME AGAIN

OUR boat was delayed several hours loading the horses which had been shipwrecked. They seemed to understand that their owner wished them to take another trip on the water, and even though they were blindfolded, they could not be induced to go into the little stall which was to be lifted by pulleys and swung over to the deck of our boat. The poor animals trembled till they could hardly stand. I am sure they remembered the terrible experience

in the water on that night when they came so near being lost.

At last they were on board the steamer and housed in their nice stable which had been built on one of the decks. After their fright was over they were very gentle, and the passengers made great pets of them during the long voyage.

Our boat left the harbor just as twilight was coming on, and in spite of the strong wind which was blowing, we remained on deck to catch the last glimpse of old Table Mountain, and watch the lights of the city fade away as we left the bay.

As soon as we passed outside the harbor, we found a terrible storm was raging, and for the first time we were buried under waves "mountain high."

The passengers rushed for their cabins, and we could hear all about us the groans and screams of the people. Some of them were sick and some were frightened, for they thought our boat would surely go down. Everything in the boat seemed to be torn from its place, and went crashing about. I am sure within a few minutes barrels of dishes must have been broken. Mamma took me into her berth, or I should have been thrown from my bed, as the boat rolled from side to side.

For more than forty-eight hours it seemed as if our boat would be crushed by the angry waves, but at last the clouds lifted, the wind died away, and the waters grew calm once more.

When we were able to be out on deck,

I learned that during that terrible storm a dear little baby girl had been added to the passengers on our boat. After a few days mamma and I called to see the little stranger, and her parents told us such a funny thing about their baby's name. They said it was the rule on English steamers, when a baby was born on a voyage, that it should bear the name of the ship's surgeon, and also the name of the vessel itself.

Our doctor's name was DeArcey, and our boat the *Avondale Castle*, so the little one was christened Jessie DeArcey Avondale Moore. The passengers made up a nice purse which they presented to her.

A few days before we reached the Canary Islands we were told that a man

on our boat had been taken very ill, and a few mornings later we heard he had died. His wife and one little boy were travelling with him. After a few hours the great wheels were still, and our boat stopped in mid-ocean while the burial service was read and his body lowered into the dark waters.

When we came into the harbor of the islands, a large yellow flag was raised over our boat, and no one was allowed to come aboard, nor any of the passengers to go ashore, as they feared the man had died of some contagious disease. We were all much disappointed, for we had hoped to enjoy the delicious fruits again.

A few days more brought us to Plymouth, England, and after another short stop, we were again speeding across the

broad Atlantic. When I stepped from the steamer in New York, papa reminded me that I had travelled a distance greater than around the world, or more than twenty-five thousand miles.

Among the first to greet me was my dear little playmate Mildred, but during our two and one half years' absence she had grown so tall I scarcely knew her. You may be sure it did not take us long to get acquainted again, and together in her little cottage we many times live over, in imagination, the days when we were parted by the broad ocean.

The schools had already opened, and I soon joined the others in their studies, and was happy to be a little schoolgirl once more.

Geography has always been one of my

most interesting studies, for to me it speaks of real countries and real people, and I trust that this simple story of the things which I saw in far-away lands will give some little girl or boy a peep at scenes which will add new interest to their school days.